And with the clamour keepe her still awake:
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindnesse,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charitie to shew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio and Hortensio:

Tra. Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that Mistris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you sir, she beares me faire in hand,
Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Mistris profit you in what you read?
Bian. What Master reade you first, resolue me that?
Hor. I read that I professe the Art to loue.
Bian. And may you proue sir Master of your Art.
Luc. While you sweete deere proue Mistresse of my heart.
Hor. Quicke proceeders marry now tell me I pray,
You that durst sweare that your mistris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the world so well as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh despightfull Loue vnconstant womankind,
I tell thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,
For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard
Of your intire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forsweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.
Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior, *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forsweare her
As one vnworthy all the former fauors
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.
Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,

Neuer

Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworne
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainfull Haggard,
And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shall win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before.
Tra. Mistris *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessed case:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.
Bian. Tranio you iest, but haue you both forsworne me?
Tra. Mistris we haue.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Lisio*.
Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,
That shall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God giue him ioy.
Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.
Bianca. He sayes so *Tranio*
Tra. Faith he is gon vnto the taming schoole.
Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?
Tra. I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,
That I am dogge-weary, but at last I spied
An antient Angell comming downe the hill,
Will serue the turne.
Tra. What is he *Biondello*?
Bion. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what' but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.
Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

He